A Blood Red Setting Sun

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A Blood Red Setting Sun

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Just another afternoon together, full of domesticity.

Notes

I thought a lot if I should post this one or not, since it's really short (I think shorter than any other I've wrote), but then I realized it was the only thread I wrote for day 23, so here you go. The prompt was "Blood Red Setting Sun."

The beach's wind was touching Hannibal's face and waving his hair as he continued to paint the beautiful, breathtaking landscape in front of him. He was sitting on a wooden chair, in their house's balcony, the canvas gradually gaining color with the strokes of his brush. While painting, he smiled at himself, thinking about how they've been lucky to find a house right in front of the beach to buy after a short time in the city; Will loved the beach, he felt happy knowing that it'd be practically their yard.

Hannibal was painting the beach and the sunset, a particularly mesmerizing one, shades of yellow, orange and red mixing in the sky as well as on his canvas. While looking at the beach, he was interrupted by the sight of Will coming out from it, a magnificent addition to the landscape. Wet curls, water drops falling through his body, bare chest, his belly scar showing; Hannibal lost himself at Will's sight.

"Be careful not to ruin your artwork", Will said while getting closer, delighting himself as Hannibal blushed.

"Even If I ruined it, I wouldn't mind since I have the most beautiful masterpiece in front of me right now", Hannibal said while Will climbed on the wooden fence, sitting on it.

"Flirty today?", Will teased, not hiding his slightly red cheeks.

"Inspired, beloved."

"Let me see what you did so far", Will said and got off the fence, taking a towel from a table near them and starting to dry himself while he approached Hannibal. "Oh, it's beautiful", he said, looking at the canvas in awe, "As all of your works. They're always perfect."

"You flatter me, Will", Hannibal smiled.

"You deserve all of my praises", Will said and leaned to kiss Hannibal's cheek. He looked at the canvas more closely. "I like how red is the most outstanding color."

"It's one of my favorite colors, and I know it's yours too."

"Indeed", Will smiled, "will you name it?"

"I didn't think about it. Do you have a suggestion?", Hannibal turned to Will, who had a thoughtful expression.

"A blood red setting sun."

Hannibal nodded, happy. Another painting to their wall, another kiss on their lips, another day of their lives together.

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